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THE CUTLER LABORATORY, Berkeley, California.

A giddy young maiden named Whitten Acted frivolously like a kitten.

A young man named Green, Wanted her for his queen, But in answer she gave him the mitten.

I could tolerate the butcher And the orders that he brings, If he wasn't temperamental And so fond of cutting things.

Jobs you can have: Working on one of those trawlers whose duty it is to discover German mines in the North sea.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

The theaters and the weather man seem to have a well-defined working agreement.

The rose by another name; the kaiser calls the recent retreat of his armies a "practical maneuver."

It was a temperance cantata, "A Saloonless Nation," and yet the musical score was full of bars.

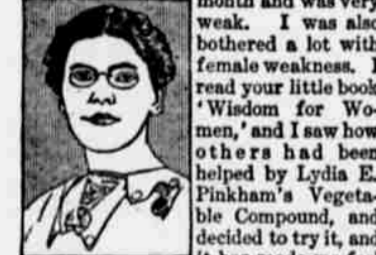
In its probe of wireless wrecks the government will pull all the wires possible.

War is going to kill off the derby hat, a report says. That's bringing it right to headquarters.

IN STERLING LIVES A GIRL

Who Suffered As Many Girls Do—Tells How She Found Relief.

Sterling, Conn.—"I am a girl of 22 years and I used to faint away every month and was very weak. I was also bothered a lot with female weakness. I read your little book 'Wisdom for Women,' and I saw how others had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and decided to try it, and it has made me feel like a new girl and I am now relieved of all these troubles. I hope all young girls will get relief as I have. I never felt better in my life."—Miss BERTHA A. PELOQUIN, Box 116, Sterling, Conn.



Massena, N. Y.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I highly recommend it. If anyone wants to write to me I will gladly tell her about my case. I was certainly in a bad condition as my blood was all turning to water. I had pimples on my face and a bad color, and for five years I had been troubled with suppression. The doctors called it 'Anemia and Exhaustion,' and said I was all run down, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought me out all right."—Miss LAVISA MYRES, Box 74, Massena, N. Y.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice. Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should immediately seek restoration to health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Among the prominent American women who are assisting in Red Cross work in France are: Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, who has a private hospital in Paris; Mrs. Van Allen Shields, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Caroline Frank and Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay.

P. N. U. No. 41, 1914

WHEN writing to advertisers, please mention this paper.

IDEAL HUBBIES THESE

FINDING OF TWO MEN WHO MET AND COMPARED NOTES.

Respective Helpmates Assure Themselves That They Have Captured Prizes in the Matrimonial Sea—Have They?

Mrs. McFee and my wife are bosom friends; that is, they are close friends; or, at least, my wife is close. They are as bosomy bosom friends as it is possible for friends to be, remembering as we do that the Siamese twins were the only successful, sure-enough bosom friends that ever lived. And being such friends, they often have either McFee or me on the grill.

Strange to record, each one insists she captured an ideal husband, yet each thinks the choice of the other unwarranted. Peculiar creatures, women; well, curious, at any rate.

Mrs. McFee says an ideal husband is one that never wears out. Meaning his affections, obviously.

My major fraction adds to this: One that never wears out his clothes. Meaning that thereby he has more money with which to buy his wife shimmering, sun-showing silks.

Remarks one: The ideal husband never complains at expense. Subjoins the other: Only his own.

Says one: The ideal husband will stand the acid test. And comes the acquiescent amendment: Even when the acid is in his coffee. (Well, some might be glad to.)

The ideal husband, take it from one of the wives, never makes his wife feel small, except—to quote the other—when he promises to keep her in his mind while she is on her vacation.

They agree on this: The ideal husband is rare.

And McFee and I are ideal husbands!

He and I sat together the other night and compared notes. He told me what his she told him and my she told her of me, and I told him what my she told me his she told her of him. And then we swapped yarns of what our she told us of the other's he, and what our she told us of ourselves. We began the session with an epigram, broadened it to a squib, widened it to a short story, and lengthened it to a serial, to be continued at such times as we felt the need of rest from the domestic entanglements.

We have proceeded far enough with the thesis to be able to get it gist. Simply, we are merely married men. To avoid quarrels and discussions, we let our wives have their own way. Our wives are wise wives. Frequently they flaunt the battle flag; then we yield instantly.

That's what makes an ideal husband—or else one of them does not know anything about it. Ideal husbands may be rare, but they are not rare long. Their wives usually and quickly do them brown to a turn.—Judge.

Chimes at Night.

There is one nocturnal noise which most of us, when we hear it, contrive to tolerate. That man would have no music in his soul who should grumble at the ringing of the midnight chimes. Do you remember the experience of "Henry Yecroft?" "I once passed a night in a little market town where I had arrived tired and went to bed early. I slept forthwith, but was presently awakened by I know not what; in the darkness there sounded a sort of music, and, as my brain cleared, I was aware of the soft chiming of church bells. Why, what hour could it be? I struck a light and looked at my watch. Midnight. Then a glow came over me. 'We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow!' Never till then had I heard them. And the town in which I slept was Evesaw, but a few miles from Stratford-on-Avon."—From the London Chronicle.

"Our Books the Best of Us."

George Meredith said this, refusing an interviewer who wished to account of his personality to the public. May not the nation as a whole echo the saying? The books that the nation gives to the world are the best of it—when indeed the books are true ones; and alas! when they are the other sort, shall not be whose pen was concerned regret that he sided with the worst of his countrymen? Here is why the Anglo-Saxon may stand firm in hope. Whatever the faults of insularity, provincialism, or spread eaglesism or whatever you will, the great books written in the English language speak the best of these nations, and give reassurance of that which lies at the heart of each.—Mary Stanhope.

Activities of Women.

Russia has over 40 female priests. St. Louis has a woman's law college. The Japanese newspapers employ many women.

Women are most preferred as military spies.

Three women of France have volunteered to serve in the aviation corps. They are experienced aviators, holding pilot's licenses, and two of them—Mlle. Marvingt and Helen Dutrien—have done scout duty since war was declared.

One of Nature's Laws.

"Doctor, according to what law do the germs propagate and destroy human life?"

"Through the law of eminent plomatne."

Rather Scared.

"Did that war correspondent write the articles he said he was going to indite on the field?"

"No, but I believe he made some running notes."

TALKING OF POOR MEMORIES

There Was Remembrance, But It Was Not Exactly Flattering to the Inquisitive Lawyer.

They were talking about poor memories at a smokefest in Washington recently when this story was told by Capt. John H. Glennon, of the United States navy.

Among the witnesses in a civil suit that was tried in the Lone Star State some time ago was an elderly woman. During the recital of her testimony she was asked to recall the appearance of a certain party.

"I can't do it!" answered the witness. "He has been dead more than three years."

"You can't do it!" Irritably returned the attorney. "If your memory is so bad that you can't go back three years let's try to refresh it. Now think again! Did the party referred to look anything like me?"

"Why, yes," answered the witness, with a brightened expression, "when I come to think about it he did have the same sort of a vacant look on his face."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

NOTHING DOING.



Woodson—So your son is a lawyer now. I trust he has a long and honored career before him.

Bronson—Well, it promises to be long. At any rate, there's nothing "brief" about it so far.

An Explanation.

"Every now and then we read about a lot of qualling following a hen up the road," said the summer boarder.

"Yes," replied Farmer Cornetsoel.

"How do you explain it?"

"Various ways. Sometimes the pheonomen is due to the fact that lots of people don't know the difference between a quail and a young brown leg horn."

Humane Suggestion.

Suburbanite (phoning to neighbor at 2 a. m.)—This you, Jones? Say, your dog is in a bad way.

Neighbor (angrily)—What do you mean by that?

Suburbanite—Why, he's been crying for the last hour; don't you think you'd better get up and walk the garden with him?—Puck.

Reassured by Bill.

Mrs. Casey—Och, Pat, whin the doctor told yez ye had something wid a Latin name to it a yar'd long didn't it scare yez?

Casey—Shure an' it did, Norah. But whin he only charged me a dollar for it I knew it didn't amount to much.—Boston Transcript.

Thrift.

Settlement Worker (visiting tene ments)—And your father is working now and getting \$14 a week? That's splendid! And how much does he put away every Saturday night, my dear?

Little Girl—Never more than three quarts, ma'am!—Puck.

Inconsolable.

Dear Friend—Try to console yourself, my dear. Remember that your late husband was very, very old, and he left you a fortune, you know.

Young Widow—Yes; but it was on—on condition that I should never marry again.—New York Weekly.

Different Gorge.

"How about the beautiful gorge you advertised?"

"Yonder it is," said the landlord. "Did you ever see a more wonderful ravine?"

"Bah! I thought a gorge meant a great big meal."—Kansas City Journal.

WHEN CALMNESS GOES

TALES OF EXCITEMENT THAT ACCOMPANY A FIRE.

Old Man Peaslee's Story Probably the Best of Good Ones Related After the Conflagration Had Been Subdued.

The little village of Dilmouth had suffered from fire—Ethan Nudd's lower barn, where he had stored his farming tools, had burned flat, and a large part of the community had gathered about the ruins. The men were busily recounting their own exploits, and vigorously criticizing the behavior of others who had gone home. Jed Gipson was speaking.

"It really takes a fire to bring out the last mite of foolishness there is in a man," he asserted, with conviction. "For instance, did any of you folks notice one of them Bentley twins, to see what he was doing? Didn't he, hey? Well, I did, and he was over at that dry well, south of the barn, with a pall and a rope, tryin' to get water out of it—and there ain't been a drop of water in that well for more'n ten year!"

"Sho, now, Jeddie!" soothed Mr. Peaslee. "Don't be ha'in in your judgment. Maybe the twin didn't know it was a dry well."

"Course he knew it!" scoffed Jed impatiently. "That well went dry when Bentley blasted out for that deep well of his—cut into the vein and sucked Nudd's well dry as an ash heap. No, sir! It's just as I tell you—a fire brings out all the foolishness there ain't a mite of sense in. You notice, and see if I ain't right."

"Bentley's twin didn't do all the foolish and useless things that was done there," broke in Wendell Cooper. "for to my mind the capsehead of foolishness was when that parcel of lunk heads from the lower road broke into the farther end of the barn and dragged out that old hayrack full of bean straw. They got it just outside the barn, and then they dropped the pole and left it there—right where it would ketch. Course it would have burnt in the barn, but it wouldn't have burnt any quicker than it did where it was. They might just as well left it in the barn!"

Here Caleb Peaslee's mild old voice interrupted again.

"Under strain of excitement, same's at a fire," he observed, moderately. "I've noticed, just as Jeddie says, that folks do things that maybe they wouldn't do if they was ca'm, but I've noticed this besides—and it don't seem to have struck Jeddie at all—the things they do any time like that ain't things that hinder or help much. That is to say, even if they do seem to be useless and foolish, the chances are they ain't right down hurtful—they're jest cases of poor judgment."

He twirled his ash stick in his hand a moment and then went on again as if he had not stopped talking.

"Folks like that," he ruminated, as if to himself, "always put me in mind of old Aunt Dilly Peterby, the time her husband had that fit. Folks down on the river road heard her screechin' and came up to see what the matter was, and they found Aunt Dilly bendin' over him, ticklin' him underneath the chin with a straw. Doctor White was there, and he asked her what her idea was, and Aunt Dilly told him that she really wa'n't sure what she was doin' it for.

"'But,' says she, real decided for her, 'I wanted to do somethin', and I knew that if that didn't do any good, it couldn't do a great deal of hurt.'"

—Youth's Companion.

The Cupboard Was Bare.

The late Doctor Masters, who was formerly a missionary in Canton, China, afterward lived in Berkeley, Cal. His friend and fellow-missionary, Doctor Boone, returning on furlough, was expected to arrive in San Francisco on a certain day. Doctor Masters crossed the bay to the city; he meant to meet Doctor Boone and his party, and after spending the day in sightseeing, to take him to dinner at a well-known restaurant.

The steamer, however, had reached port earlier than had been expected, and when Doctor Masters got to the dock his friends had left. He made inquiries at the principal hotels, but could not find them. In order to notify his family in Berkeley of the necessary change in plans, Doctor Masters sent them a telegram. Here is the somewhat damaged message that Mrs. Masters finally read:

"Can't find the bones. Will come home to dinner."—Youth's Companion.

Mysteries of Krypton.

It is usually supposed that at great heights the pressure of the air is almost negligible, but the application of an ingenious method indicated by Ramsay gives interesting results. He asserts that the green line characteristic of the spectrum of krypton remains visible under a pressure of 0.00035 millimeters of mercury.

Now this green line is found in the spectrum of the aurora borealis and it seems to be well established that this exists frequently at altitudes between 100 and 200 miles, and even sometimes up to nearly 500 miles.

But krypton is one of the heaviest gases in our atmosphere. It would seem, therefore, that the density of the air at these altitudes is by no means negligible, as whatever the cause may be of the presence of krypton there, it could not remain there unless the air possessed an appreciable density.

Caught in the Act.

Alkali Ike—And so Slippery Sam died with his boots on, eh?

Broncho Bill—No, he died with my boots on. That's how he came to die.—Boston Transcript.

Nail-Holding Machine.

For the convenience of carpenters, there has been invented a machine which, held in one hand, feeds nails into the position in which they are to be driven with a hammer held in the other.

Taxes for Sanitation.

The Venezuelan government has decided to use 1 per cent of the import duties collected for a fund for sanitary purposes.

The dentists have discovered a new way to stop the pain. Perhaps they apply it when presenting their bill.

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Ask Your Dealer For Them.



The Paper Strategists.

While the war lasts mathematical warriors will balance corps against corps and ship against ship in the newspaper columns, but in a real war all the paper strategy counts for nothing. That poor little Prussia, in 1756, could not possibly make head against Austria, France, Russia, Sweden and Saxony was as demonstrable on paper as that two and two make four. But the Seven Years' war was decided by a factor quite outside the range of mathematics—namely, by Frederick, with a vial of corrosive sublimate in his pocket, and in his heart a black determination to fight while he had a regiment left, and then commit suicide. Revolutionary France had no show on paper, but in fact overran all Europe. In recent times our brush with Spain is the only war that has shown the least respect for the programs laid down for it in advance. The Spanish army in Cuba had been capably led and really determined to fight the ending would have been the same, but the story would have been different. If war could be determined on paper there would be no war, for a nation fights only when it has some hope of winning.—Saturday Evening Post.

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A War Dictionary.

Destroying the morale—Getting the enemy's goat.

Evacuate a position—To beat it.

To delete—To cut out.

To reconnoiter—To give the once over.

A strategical maneuver—To hotfoot it.

Official news bureau—The Ananias club.

A bayonet charge—A stick-up.

A bombardment—Tearing off the lid.

A private dispatch—Highly imaginary fiction.

The aviation corps—Military high-fliers.

A moratorium—I. O. U. 30 days longer.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes color in cold water.

Give it Up.

To the Editor—In a fight between the Austrian battleship "Nyeregyhazy Sczatnar" and the Japanese battleship "Noguchl Hyuchimacuchl" which in your opinion would win?

A SUBSCRIBER.

The One Who Suffers.

Fig—The way of the transgressor is hard.

Fog—Yes; but the trouble is it is generally hard on somebody else.—Boston Transcript.

Shears to Rip Seams.

Recently patented shears for ripping seams work in the usual way but have vertical cutting edges that project in opposite directions from the arms.

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People from all parts of Oregon and Washington constantly visit our office for dental treatment. Our staff is acknowledged, and our promptness in finishing work in one day when required is appreciated by out-of-town patrons.

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Germany's Invisible Aeroplane.


An invisible aeroplane that may play no inconsiderable part in the European war was invented by a German engineer and demonstrated shortly before the great conflict opened. Instead of having cloth fabric or other visible material used for covering the planes this aeroplane is constructed of a sort of transparent celluloid which is also fireproof. These celluloid wings let the light through, leaving only the light framework of the machine apparent, and when at a height of 3000 feet it is practically impossible to detect the aeroplane at all. The machine is fitted with a silent motor, which is also valuable in enabling an airman scouting over an enemy's position to escape detection. A further advantage is that the aviator's view is not cut off by the planes.—American Boy.

Chicago's Good Example.

Chicago reports a marked revival of business during the last few days. Trades seriously hit by the European war are said to have shown a pronounced activity and the inference is that the fear which the beginning of hostilities occasioned and which immediately oppressed business is passing. It ought to be.—Brooklyn Standard.

Helping Kidneys By Clearing Blood

A Function Greatly Assisted By a Well-Known Remedy.



Most readers will be interested to more clearly understand why analysis of urine is so important. In the use of S. S. S. to purify the blood, its action is a stimulant to the myriad of fine blood vessels that make up the constructive tissues of the kidneys. All the blood from all over the body must pass through the kidneys. They act as testers and assays. And according to what they allow to pass out in the urine, both as to quantity and materials, the health of the kidneys and the quality of the blood is determined. The catalytic energy forced by S. S. S. is shown in the urine. It is also demonstrated in the skin. And as the blood continues to sweep through the kidneys the dominating nature of S. S. S. acting as it does through all the avenues of elimination, shows a marked decrease of disease manifestations as demonstrated by urine analysis. This assistance is a great relief to the kidneys. The body wastes are more evenly distributed to the emunctories; their elimination is stimulated by the tonic action afforded the liver, lungs, skin and kidneys. Thus, in cases of rheumatism, cystitis, chronic sore throat, hoarseness of voice, bronchitis, asthma and the myriad of other referer indications of weak kidney action, first purify your blood with S. S. S., so it will enable the tissues to rebuild the cellular strength and regain the normal health.

S. S. S. is prepared by The Swift Specific Co., 227 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., and if you have any deranged or clogging blood trouble, write to their Medical Dept. for free advice.